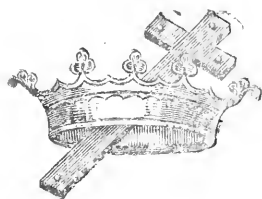


THE HIGHER LIFE

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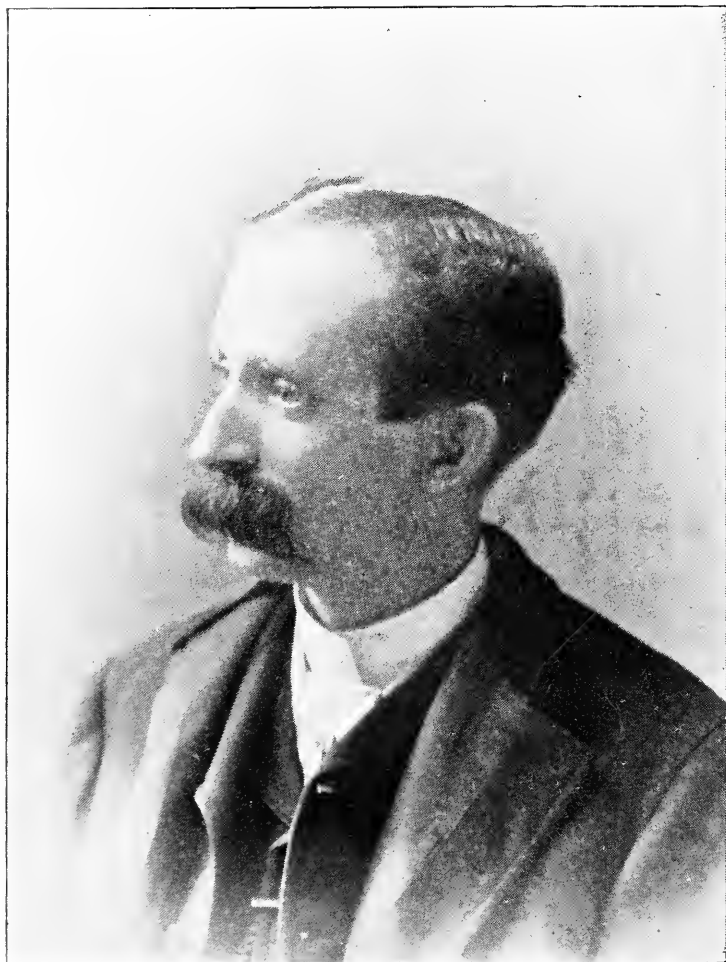
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









Samuel H. Hume

- THE -
HIGHER LIFE



BY
SAMUEL THOMAS SHAW



AUTHOR'S EDITION
LIMITED



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BY
SAMUEL THOMAS SHAW.

PREFACE.

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For the sole purpose of inspiring my fellow man to enter upon the Higher Life, (the life of harmony and happiness,) and to comfort and strengthen those who are traveling this narrow way Heavenward, the thoughts in this little work are sent forth, as missionaries, for all possible good.

If, but a single soul is comforted, strengthened or sustained, or turned in the right direction, upward and Homeward, (if need be,) then will my labor be not in vain.

Considering this motive, no apology seems necessary for thus presenting my humble effort of much pleasant, uplifting thought during the year eighteen ninety-six.

I am deeply indebted to a few dear friends for their helpful comment and criticism, as this thought has been unfolded to them, from time to time, during the upbuilding of the complete work.

THE AUTHOR.



*Be not content, though all before
Full Heaven itself possessed thee ;
Spheres wider, larger, grander still,
Lie over that which blessed thee.*

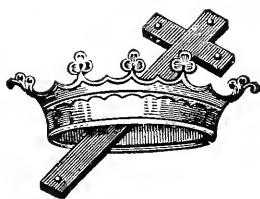


Dedication.



This volume is affectionately
inscribed to my beloved
mother.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Emily Jones". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the dedication text.



The Higher Life.

—I—

What is the Higher Life ? 'Tis that
Of action and of duty,
Wherein doth lie the fruitful seed
Of perfect Christian beauty.

—II—

Oh ! budding soul of eager youth :
Life's open sea's before thee !
Unfurl the sail ! Make glad the hearts
Of those who love, adore thee !

—III—

Let conscience be thy compass true,
God's Word thy chart unerring :
Jesus, His Son, to pilot thee,
For knows He every bearing.

—IV—

Smooth out the wrinkles of thy mind,
Let calmness rule thee ever ;
Use every wind that tries thy sails
To strengthen each endeavor.

—V—

Should tempest come, then, God is found,
The raging waters smoothing ;
His gracious aid, when seekest thou,
Thy faithless fears ensoothing.

—VI—

The richest man, that happy soul
Who loves his God sincerely ;
Who walks in thought, in touch with Him,
And does his duty clearly.

—VII—

Crossed with no doubt of Shepherd's care,—
("What pastures shall he lead in ?")
Devoid of fear, his daily course
An endless lane in Eden.

—VIII—

Most wise is he who casts on God
Those anxious cares which fret him ;
His faith shall bring him greater strength
For trials which beset him.

—IX—

Great tasks come light to willing hands
When tempered with all sweetness ;
And duty wins its own reward
When finished to completeness.

—X—

Injustice is a crucible
Through which the soul attaineth
Freedom from dross;—the priceless gem
Of peace alone remaineth.

—XI—

The consciousness of duty done,
Works wondrous evolution
To higher thought, to perfect mind,
Suppressing revolution.

—XII—

Breathe out the sweetness of thy soul,
Like incense of the flowers ;
As balm to other souls in bonds
'Twill soothe their troubled hours.

—XIII—

Reflect all light which shines in thee
Of Love, of Truth, of Heaven :
This living proof of thy belief
Shall be a wond'rous leaven.

—XIV—

Seek guidance of the Mind supreme
In all thou hast before thee ;
Whate'er the harvest thou mayst reap
'Twill never wound nor gore thee.

—XV—

Seek to be rich in golden thoughts
Phrased in becoming setting ;
So, from the mint of gifted minds,
Others much good are getting.

—XVI—

Let whatsoever be thy speech
Give happiness to others ;
So, mayest thou with reason hope
Like fruitage from thy brothers.

—XVII—

Yield thou thyself to God's commands,—
The Spirit shall direct thee:
Do all things well ; so, shall the probe
Of conscience ne'er affect thee.

—XVIII—

Stand like a rock tho' threat'ning waves
Are swiftly toward thee rolling :
Mind over matter reigns supreme,—
Spirit the force controlling.

—XIX—

Full consciousness of all our faults
Should never be discouraging ;
For, as we see, more clearly is
The hope of cure encouraging.

—XX—

As Spirit rays through conscience find
The deeper penetration,
So, will resolve take quicker root
To soul's regeneration.

—XXI—

Who paveth well his path each day
Doth well begin the morrow ;
Shuts out no angel from his heart,
And, thus, avoideth sorrow.

—XXII—

He knoweth God who knows himself
And stifles selfish yearning ;
Who nobly counts each cross some gain
Tow'rd life's great lesson learning.

—XXIII—

Restful that heart which beats in hope,
Sweet trust with patience blending ;
When struck those chords which soothe the soul,
Of God's great love, unending.

—XXIV—

Peace dwells with him who loves God's law
And holds all sin abhorrent ;
Manna of heaven shall feed his soul—
Blessings as in a torrent.

—XXV—

Whiter his soul shall swiftly bleach,
As driftwood smooth and rounded ;
And with no care he casts on God
Shall ever be confounded.

—XXVI—

Hold thou no thought of evil born,
But, swift its root destroying ,
Plant there some seed of fruitful grain,
Most potent germs employing.

—XXVII—

As idle minds, like idle fields,
Soon run to weeds and thistles,
So, o'er that mind or meadow tilled,
A golden harvest bristles.

—XXVIII—

Let Jesus as a clinging vine,
 Around thy soul entwining,
Work out the process of His love,
 The gold from dross refining.

—XXIX—

Through mist and fog thy worldly eyes
 Are not God's ways discerning;
But fear thou not ;—the haze shall lift,
 Then, thou His kindness learning.

—XXX—

Live wholly in the present day,
 And dwell not on the morrow ;
The Lord, thy Shepherd, will provide,
 Add not unto thy sorrow.

—XXXI—

Who leads He most to pastures green,
 Beside the quiet waters ?
Are not the promises of God
 For all His sons and daughters ?

—XXXII—

Wait not till great occasions rise
To show thy zeal and spirit—
Thy call comes but in duty's hour;
Lend thou thine ear and hear it !

—XXXIII—

The stepping stones to greater things
Are formed of simple pebbles ;
Crude jewels of unblazoned deeds
Oft lead to holy revels.

—XXXIV—

Murmur thou not ; ill spent that force
Which comes of thy bewailing ;
The broken road to level plains
Mends not with thy complaining.

—XXXV—

Spotless thy soul came here to bloom,—
Thus, unto thee 'twas given ;
So, shouldst thou keep it pure and clean
To blossom meet for heaven.

—XXXVI—

The tainted thought, the meaner deed,
So like the cancer dreaded,
Eats out the soul's most heavenly life
To which it should be wedded.

—XXXVII—

Seek but one course in sweet revenge
Against thy erring brother:—
'Tis coals of fire which melt the heart;
Follow thou, then, no other.

—XXXVIII—

Thus, make it known the Christ life blooms
Within thy soul immortal;
So, other souls shall find the way
To Heaven's open portal.

—XXXIX—

Be slow to wrath; unmanly he
Who turns in speech to wildness ;
The greater strength in soul is born
Of gentleness and mildness.

—XL—

Safe hang the planets high o'erhead,—
A lesson for thy trembling ;
Creative Mind,—created spheres,—
Purpose in their assembling.

—XLI—

Progressive circles, here below,
The purpose of the Master ;
So, fly not off in tangent moods
And court thy swift disaster.

—XLII—

Cling to thy faith tho' mists do bide,
Full soon will God enlighten ;
In fortitude pursue thy way,
The lowering skies shall brighten.

—XLIII—

For souls do grow beneath the mist,
Though we may see less clearly
Than when the glorious sunshine streams
In blessings holden dearly.

—XLIV—

Of God's own temple, shrinking souls
Can form no part e'en barely ;
The free willed soul, a living stone,
Is hewn to fit in squarely.

—XLV—

The noble actions of the wise
Leave fragrance rich behind them ;
Joys tintured with such essences
The eager soul shall find them.

—XLVI—

Bridle thy tongue, for heedless words
Oft work to one's undoing ;
Its pointed shafts, in poison steeped,
Soon weighty mischief brewing.

—XLVII—

Unanchored souls, where folly flies,
Shall drink the lees of sorrow ;
That day ill spent within its courts
Precedes a sad tomorrow.

—XLVIII—

Despise no pearl however small
Which comes to thee a blessing ;
To thankful hearts the larger pearls
Revealed midst duties pressing.

—XLIX—

God's kingdom in all loyal hearts
Hath neither bound nor limit;
Through Heaven's own gate that soul may soar
Receptive to the Spirit.

—L—

All else but love vexatious is,—
Parent of torment needless ;
Hell is no myth—it doth abide
With him to lessons heedless.

—LI—

Hold thou the fort of inner self
With armored truth, selected;
So, thro' the strength of right, make wrong
Flee from thy soul protected.

—LII—

Self-love doth breed but idle dreams
Of what we might or would be ;
Small hindrances seem mountain streams,
Though fordable they should be.

—LIII—

Bear thou thy cross, nor lay it down
Though weariness enfold thee;
God knows thy strength,—in needed hours
His helping hand upholds thee.

—LIV—

God's angels are uplifting thoughts
Which bear us ever throneward ;
White souls on golden pinions soar
To higher spheres and Homeward.

—LV—

When error rules the mortal mind,
Most strenuous effort bootless ;
But, when the light of Truth abides,
No noble work is fruitless.

—LVI—

Truth solves all problems grave and deep
Which vex us when in error ;
The clear solution calmness brings,
And banishes our terror.

—LVII—

Fix thou thy vision on the Lord,
(Lose not thy soul as Haman ;)
In reach of all God's promises,
Win thou the promised Canaan.

—LVIII—

Of small things take the greater care,—
Seed of thy tree of living ;
For discipline in all thy ways,
To soul is beauty giving.

—LIX—

Requite that Love which ne'er grows cold,—
Cling ever to the Father :
When discord bides, its fruitage ill,—
Peace would He give thee, rather.

—LX—

When from thy slumber thou dost rise
Ask, then, God's will, direction;
The faithful servant finds the road
Through purpose to perfection.

—LXI—

Begin afresh each new-born day
And seek a higher level;
Beyond each task there waits some gain
In which thy soul may revel.

—LXII—

Thy province is the present hour,
To make the most of, purely ;
So, shall the future moments hold
Some benisons, most surely.

—LXIII—

Be ever strong—thy courage keep ;
(This is no tinsel'd armor ;)
When Naaman raised Jerusalem
Not all her foes could harm her.

—LXIV—

God satisfies the soul athirst
With waters from His fountain ;
Rest in the thought, He's absent ne'er
In valley or on mountain.

—LXV—

Love all you find as lovable
In those you know, around you ;
So, shall Love's stream flow back again,
And quietly surround you.

—LXVI—

Complain not of thy narrowed sphere,
Thy station unassuming ;
When powers mature in seeming wastes,
A wilderness is blooming.

—LXVII—

Adapt thyself to where thy lot,
Thy work may call, and love them ;
Bless all who dwell within thy sphere
And, pray, be not above them.

—LXVIII—

Thy lot and opportunities
Are just as good as any ;
Dissatisfying thoughts will curse
Thee, one of all too many.

—LXIX—

Shrink not from what the future holds,—
No anxious thought to meet it ;
Best usage of the present hour
Shall banish fear to greet it.

—LXX—

Up from the bottom cream doth rise,
So, is man's worth arising ;
Advancing now, from sphere to sphere,
Each new-found duty prizing.

—LXXI—

The stone beneath the sculptor's skill,
His lofty ideal filleth ;
So, put thyself within God's hands
To mould thee as He willeth.

—LXXII—

Hold thou no thought against thy friend
To form of hate the basis ;
Anger and wrath, consuming fires,
Lay waste the soul's oasis.

—LXXIII—

Man's duty toward his erring foes
Is not to be destroying ;
Logic and reason win them o'er,
The nobler arms employing.

—LXXIV—

Oft are the armies of the saints
Recruited from the foemen,
Like Paul, of old, who thus became
A sturdy Christian yeoman.

—LXXV—

Measure thy strength, but lose thou none,
Though found some imperfection ;
In action doth the soul absorb
The essence of perfection.

—LXXVI—

Measure thy power to calmness hold,
In efforts new, untiring ;—
To passions curb, suppress dull moods,
The greatest strength requiring.

—LXXVII—

Disquietude bewilders thought,
And steers us from the channel ;
The soul in patience holds command,
And conquers as a Dan'el.

—LXXVIII—

Nay ! not abroad, but here at home
The battle field thou findest ;
And, blest of God, unto thy soul
The victory thou bindest.

—LXXIX—

Be diligent in all good works,
And never grow weary :
Lack of men's praise, when conscience smiles,
Should never make life dreary.

—LXXX—

All lives do hold an equal share
Of struggle and of labor :
Thou hast thy trials and, as well,
Thy calm appearing neighbor.

—LXXXI—

To brighten life, hope and success
Come to our soul's elation ;
Joy is thus born whose sweetness bids
A thankful contemplation.

—LXXXII—

What profit, think you, reaps that life
Wrought to a final failure ?
Compare with that which plucks the fruit
Of Harmony's entailure.

—LXXXIII—

Set out to win each man a friend
Who treads thy sphere of action ;
The forceful magnet of respect
The first and great attraction.

—LXXXIV—

Harmony of thought the next great plane
Which leads to something better ;
Unselfish deeds complete the chain,
And weld love's golden fetter.

—LXXXV—

Exchange of thought co-educates.
Soul unto soul revealing ;
But, trifle not with confidence,
Nor stoop to double dealing.

—LXXXVI—

When dark the hour, true hearts alone
Bring sympathy condoling ;
The friendly hand, unspoken thought,
With subtle force consoling.

—LXXXVII—

Cherish true friends : nowhere on earth
Can gold or silver buy them ;
Above all else of worldly gain,
'Twere wise to fondly prize them.

—LXXXVIII—

Eccentric friendship, like a wheel
With hub well out of center,
Doth warn us of its falsity,
A true and striking mentor.

—LXXXIX—

Small deeds, in truth, reveal, in time,
The shallow and the real ;
That one Great Friend, who died for all,
Our only High Ideal.

—XC—

Thy cross of trouble, meekly bear,
Let faith be ever shining ;—
The darkest shadow briefly hides
The hidden brighter lining.

—XCI—

Forget thy sorrows ;—only seek
To know the good within them ;
And, rest assured, time will reveal
What blessings lieth in them.

—XCII—

Thy soul's most secret chamber hold
From questionable thinking—
Paralysis of spirit force
From passion's evil drinking.

—XCIII—

Inaction breeds a stagnant pool
Of sluggard ease, contentment ;
Labor's sweet waters ever flow
From springs of pure resentment.

—XCIV—

What wouldst thou that the Father's love
Hath not already proffered ?
The harvest of his promises
Long, long ago he offered.

—XCV—

Care is a crown of mocking thorns,
Nurse of the mind's distraction ;
Serenity of soul is won
Through bravery in action.

—XCVI—

Who'd find true heaven here below,
And "know" the Prince of Glory,
Must enter by the gate of Peace
And live the "old, old story."

—XCVII—

Prayer is a tempered sword and shield,
Where "Christian" finds his course is ;
It well protects his zealous soul
From all attacking forces.

—XCVIII—

Action is vital to the germ
Of every resolution ;
The kindled spark must needs be fanned
To blaze in evolution.

—XCIX—

Well-springs of golden thought will die
From aimless inanition ;
Reconsecration forwards on
All noble aims, ambition.

—C—

Look well to every pregnant thought
On which thy soul is feeding ;
Take hold of that which Heaven gives :—
The manna thou art needing.

—CI—

What God creates he loves and keeps
With all sufficient reason ;
The fruitage of his harvest ne'er
Doth blossom out of season.

—CII—

The nurtured thought toward heaven bent,
Shall bloom without misgiving ;
And habits pruned in time shall bring
The fruit of godly living.

—CIII—

Truth, is the light we e'er should seek
To prove our stern convictions :
When souls must yield their selfish hopes
To duty's cold restrictions.

—CIV—

True martyrdom in silence bears
All ills without complaining ;
Above the tortured depths of soul
An outward calm is reigning.

—CV—

Ungrateful hearts no blessings find,
Their lives are wholly cheerless ;
Great jewels are from troubles mined
By thankful souls and fearless.

—CVI—

A self-made cross each anxious thought,
And borne through needless fearing ;
The thicket of thy doubts hewn down
Brings sunlight to the clearing.

—CVII—

When peace and calm seem sought in vain,
(As yet thou failst to win them.)
Fly to the Everlasting Arms
And rest thy soul within them.

—CVIII—

Hell is no myth ; it bides with all
 Whilst sin remains implanted ;—
Uprooted, heaven comes quickly to
 Repentant sinners granted.

—CIX—

Self-will shall taste of bitter herbs
 And all of life be saddened ;
But, served God's will, with bread of heaven
 The happy soul is gladdened.

—CX—

Fear mends no ill, relieves no care,
 But tortures soul and body ;
Whate'er falls short of perfect trust
 Is nothing else but shoddy.

—CXI—

No cloistered cell need earthly saints
 To learn of God full knowledge ;
Life's school shall teach thee better far
 Than convent lore or college.

—CXII—

Who suffers long lives nearer to
Salvation than he thinketh ;
Like Jesus, every bleaching soul
The cup of sorrow drinketh.

—CXIII—

Faith solves all problems of our lives ;
Through faith we walk serenely ,
Though daily battles make us mute
With anguish felt so keenly.

—CXIV—

Wisdom makes man the friend of God,
To do His will and pleasure ;
And sweeter far His service is
Than our own ease and leisure.

—CXV—

On happy feet thy cross do bear,
Though thorns the way infesting ;
With hope divine and confidence
Thy trustful soul is resting.

—CXVI—

No pleasure hath the world like this :
The mirrored Mind's reflection;
Such pathways through Thought's garden lead
Toward the soul's perfection.

—CXVII—

Delve deeper, oh ! thou fettered soul,—
Truth's Kohinoor, so handsome,
Reward thy quest, thy spirit free,
From error's chains a ransom.

—CXVIII—

Mark how the snowflakes softly fall—
So, blessings o'er thee hover,
When pregnant are the leaden skies
With sunbeams under cover.

—CXIX—

Consistency a jewel is
Of most uncommon lustre :
They find the gem whose quickened souls
The Christian graces muster.

—CXX—

Despair lends weakness to the soul,
As bends the drooping willow ;
While Hope exalts with restful strength,
And smoothes the sweetened pillow.

—CXXI—

Mark the smooth surface of the pool—
A mirrored calm reflecting ;
Serenity of temper, thou,
Its lesson not rejecting.

—CXXII—

God's kingdom sought, all blessings come,
All, all your need supplying ;
Most potent charm to banish fear:
The Helping Hand espying.

—CXXIII—

Forbear the sneer, the galling word,
Some brother soul to harrow ;
Trend tow'rd full harmony of speech,—
Eschew the poisoned arrow.

—CXXIV—

If God be King within thy heart,
And reared within His altar,
No hope for error storming that
Impregnable Gibraltar !

—CXXV—

Control thy destiny, but mark,—
Events all have their uses ;
Be wise in opportunities.
And foster no abuses.

—CXXVI—

The bubbling springs of energy,
From Faith's eternal fountain,
Assuage the hopeful traveler's thirst,
When "Christian" climbs the mountain

—CXXVII—

Indulgent moods come on at times ;
These, in themselves are trials :
Self-will can only conquered be
Through frequent self-denials.

—CXXVIII—

When patience flees, the danger is
That well nigh lost thy course is;
Prepare, then, for the crucial test—
In God for strength thy source is.

—CXXIX—

Judge not thy brother in his fall,
Let pity's tide be flowing :
Help thou reclaim what seemeth lost,—
Compassion's seeds be sowing.

—CXXX—

Turn thou the light upon thyself,
Behold thy glaring weakness !
Self-criticism leadeth to
Humility and meekness.

—CXXXI—

When hope beats high, we grovel not
Amongst our earthly troubles ;
Whene'er the soul despair defies
The strength of spirit doubles.

—CXXXII—

Art thou a soldier of the Cross ?
Return to Home in honor ;
Fight bravely on,—the crown is thine,
And God the loving Donor.

—CXXXIII—

Bind all thy plans, thy cherished hopes,
Upon Jehovah's altar ;
Sing in thine heart thro' sun and shade,
As David in the Psalter.

—CXXXIV—

Fruition is the fruit of zeal
In worthy lines of action ;
True hearts beat high with hope therefor,
And suffer no detraction.

—CXXXV—

Each child of God in search of Truth,
Helps quest with good behavior ;
Obedience brings him nigh the throne
Where he may "know" his Saviour.

—CXXXVI—

Be true in service to thy God,
Delightful is devotion ;
Tried soldiers of the Heavenly King
Secure their blest promotion.

—CXXXVII—

Weigh well each fraction of the hours ,
Today,—wait not the morrow ;
Thy God is with thee now, as then,
When cometh thy tomorrow.

—CXXXVIII—

Trust thou in Him:—thy soul shall rest,
On tireless pinions soaring ;
His love into its deepest depths
A flood of sunlight pouring.

—CXXXIX—

Live out defects which try thy soul
As bare feet on the gravel
Its perfect order seek with zeal,
But lose no time in cavil.

—CXL—

In action is repose of soul,
True rest thy God in serving ;
The indefatigable march,—
The onward course unswerving.

—CXLI—

Be prone to aid thy brother's need
When Charity beseeches ;
For whoso keeps all unto self
Himself soon overreaches.

—CXLII—

Let stumbling ne'er a hindrance be
To keep thee climbing ever,
Nor cheat thy soul of what is blest :—
The fruitage of endeavor.

—CXLIII—

Let every talent useful be
That rests within thy quiver ;
With purpose bend the bow—aim high,
And glorify the Giver.

—CXLIV—

As clouds betwixt us and the sun
Conceal the light God gave us,
So sundered we from holiness
When error's chains enslave us.

—CXLV—

Though lessons learned from stumblings oft
Do grieve the soul mistaken;
Yet man hath never lawful cause
To feel himself forsaken.

—CXLVI—

There is a God whose kindness is
The essence of His being ;
The cheerful pilgrim on his way
God's love is ever seeing.

—CXLVII—

The patient toil in every task
Shall ever be rewarded ;
Nothing is lost, for all is gain—
Success full soon recorded.

—CXLVIII—

Little we know, sometimes, the stride
We take toward satisfaction,
Till in some hour of duty great
We stem the tide of action.

—CXLIX—

Then, why should hope or courage fail
When fruitful is endeavor?
Work and success are wedded friends
Whom God hath linked together.

—CL—

What profit hath the soul to doubt
When faith should e'er be shining?
Weakened that soul for climbing high
Which stoops to shamed repining.

—CLI—

The stewardship of man is great
Who revels in his riches;
What owes he not that hampered soul,
The digger of his ditches?

—CLII—

Our happy lot is ours to share
With every stricken fellow;
And blest that life which ripens to
The flavored heart and mellow.

—CLIII—

Who passes from this earthly sphere,
And leaves not ease behind him,
Until Progression leads him on,
His self-made fetters bind him.

—CLIV—

Let practice prove each theory—
(Philosophy parading),
Else mocked art thou, and shamed as well,
Beyond thy depth soon wading.

—CLV—

Be ever true to principle
In all the smaller matters,
Or else thy masquerading garb
Will soon be torn to tatters.

—CLVI—

Be swift to see thy daily drift—
'Twere wise to oft inspect it;
The earnest zeal to error shun
Will speedily detect it.

—CLVII—

There is no royal road to peace
Which stills the drum's fierce rattle;
Through every skirmish bravely fought
Is won the crown of battle.

—CLVIII—

Thus, only is the laurel won
To crown the soul immortal,
When peace doth shed its roval beams
Through heaven's open portal.

—CLIX—

Know naught of vanity, but dress
As doth become thy station;
Who wears his all upon his back
Shall find his ruination.

—CLX—

Let honest pleasure find its way
 Into thy soul when needed;
But see that all of doubtful trend
 From this same soul be weeded.

—CLXI—

Absorb the best of helpful lore—
 Skim well the froth of fiction;
The cultured mind, in best of thought,
 Revealed in kingly diction.

—CLXII—

Let naught of boasting puff thy pride—
 Be modest, unassuming;
The humble soul shall rise to heights
 Where all of Truth's illuming.

—CLXIII—

Full liberty of thought is thine
 Compatible with heaven;
In soul each germ of holiness,
 Implanted, is a leaven.

—CLXIV—

Delight thou in those saintly deeds
Which charm the passing hours:
The open hand to brother need
Shall pluck most fragrant flowers.

—CLXV—

Temptations line the Christian's way:
Be wise in time, and shun them:-
Be swift: be strong: discretion learn,
And, in the gauntlet, run them.

—CLXVI—

Thorns of the flesh but lessons are
In patience and endurance;
Who strives with zeal shall reap in joy,
We have the blest assurance.

—CLXVII—

Be valiant as a soldier should:
Let courage be undaunted;
Let not thy soul in action e'er
With failure's ghosts be haunted.

—CLXVIII—

Feast at the table of the Lord,
With Him in Love's communion;
There, high o'er every thought of earth,
Is knit the bond of union.

—CLXIX—

Most careful give thy counsel sought—
Of bold advice be chary;
Weigh well each freighted circumstance,
And of mistakes be wary.

—CLXX—

Saints are but made of thoughtful men,
No matter what their station;
The common man, of God's own mold,
Needs but regeneration.

—CLXXI—

Whate'er the duty comes thy way,
Be earnest thou in filling;
Lag not, nor work laboriously,
But let thy soul be willing.

—CLXXII—

Lend thoughtful aid to fellow mind—

Be thou no evil prophet;

The common brotherhood of man

Should seek one common profit.

—CLXXIII—

Be not content, though all before

Full heaven itself possessed thee;

Spheres wider, larger, grander still,

Lie over that which blessed thee.

—CLXXIV—

Cast off the yoke of sin and shame,

And take the Saviour's on you;

His blest companionship enjoy,

And care grows light upon you.

—CLXXV—

Be temperate in everything,

Of drinking and of eating;

True temperance abstains from all

That progress is defeating.

—CLXXVI—

Show mercy to thy fellows, all,
And goad them not to madness;
Else comes that day which finds thy soul
Filled with remorseful sadness.

—CLXXVII—

Doubt not, but delve, as doth the wise,
In all new fields presented;
To know the Truth it must be sought;—
Thy knowledge, then, augmented.

—CLXXVIII—

Think calmly and unprejudiced,
To win the heights commanding;
Then, shall thy soul soon reach the realm
Of perfect understanding.

—CLXXIX—

There is no death;—the second birth
But frees the soul immortal,
Which soareth Homeward to its nest,
On through the hallowed portal.

—CLXXX—

Let right prevail, the one desire,
And govern every action :
To God and to the Higher Life
The motive power and traction.

—CLXXXI—

For him who gains the victory
A joyful crown awaiteth ;
But failures goad the laggard soul
Whose energy abateth.

—CLXXXII—

The last great state, life's highest realm,
Is worth a mint of sorrow :
The soul shall win through smarting scourge
The joyful, painless morrow.



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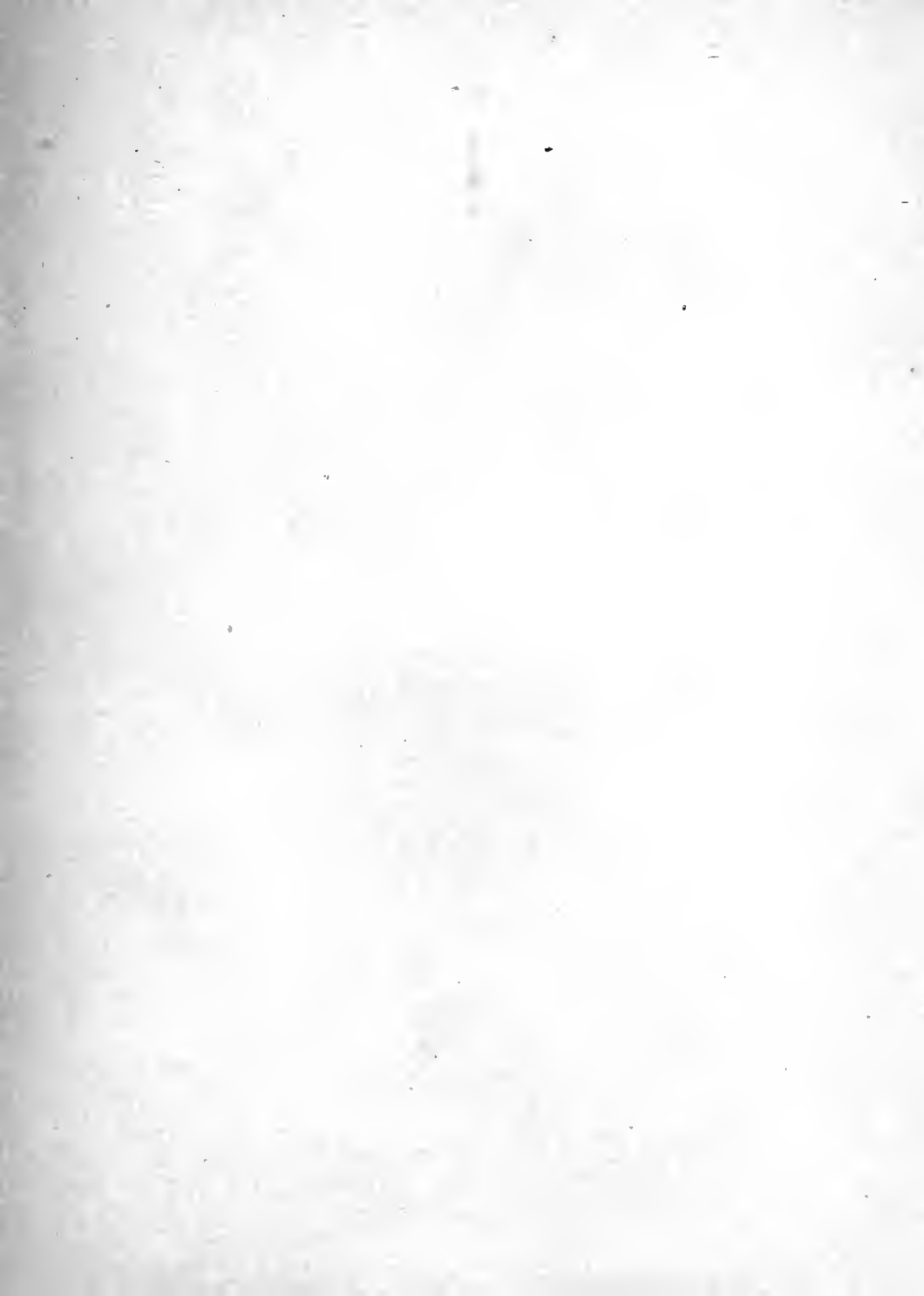
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